

The following verses, which are given in fac simile in Scribner's for September, were written by Edgar A. Poe, shortly after he left West Point in 1820. Poe was then only 19 years old. The fact that these verses were written in the album of a lady of distinguished social position is, according to Mr. Didier, alone sufficient to contradict the statement of Griswold, that after leaving West Point, Poe was a homeless and friendless wanderer. He had found a home with his aunt and adopted mother, Mrs. Clemm, who was his first, last and best friend:

ALONE.

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring—
My passions from a common spring—
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I lov'd—I lov'd alone—
Thou—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
Thy mystery which binds me still—
From the torrent, or the fountain—
From the sun daff of the mountain—
From the sun that round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder, and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view—

E. A. Poe.

Baltimore, March 17, 1820.

Jar Number Nine.

"Well," said Phoebe, "all I know, Silas Western, is this: I shan't speak to you again until you tell me you are sorry. You ought to apologize, and you would if you cared about me; and I shan't marry any one that don't care about me. I'll tell you that."

Then she waited a moment, but Silas Western said nothing; and she added, "Good-night," and went into the house, closing the door after her. For this happened on the way home from singing-school, one Wednesday evening.

Silas was really in the wrong, and she had shown no angry temper. If he loved her he would surely apologize soon; and a "woman should not lower her dignity," she said, as she went to bed in her little up-stairs room; but, for all that, her pillow was wet with tears before she slumbered.

Silas, meanwhile, walked away. He had been engaged to Phoebe Spinner three months, and he did love her dearly; but his blood was up just then. He would have broken with her on the spot sooner than apologize.

"She'll come round," he said. "If I'm ever to be master, I must begin now."

It does not matter what they had quarreled about. Quarrels are mere nonsense to all but the active parties generally; but all, the gentle and simple, poetical and prosaic, young or old, must know how true it is:

"That to be with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain."

Two very wretched young people saw the sun rise over Cranberry Mountain, and decided that everything was vanity. Silas Western was nobody in particular to the world in general, and Phoebe Spinner was even less; but "ah! the difference" to them, now that each seemed blotted out of the other's life.

"For I will never, never forgive him, unless he does what is right," said Phoebe, binding up her hair.

"And I will never treat a woman as though she were a goddess," said Silas, struggling with his stubborn boots. "Not I, damn it."

Then he waited for word or message from Phoebe, whom he felt sure would give in at last, but who never dreamed of it. Men are obstinate, as long as obstinacy makes them comfortable or contented with themselves; but women are obstinate when it makes them miserable.

The world does not know yet how much more fight there is in women than in men. No; Phoebe, pale and pinching, aching heart and head alike, never dreamed of yielding; but after three days of complacent crossness, it began to strike Silas Western that it made him uncomfortable to be cross; that it had been pleasant to go to see Phoebe; that it was nice to think of having a dear little wife to care about him always, and share his joys and sorrows; and that he could not easily forget Phoebe for any one else, even a prettier girl. And then he walked alone by the river bank, and thought how they had been together there so often, and how warm and soft her little hand lay in his, and suddenly found two tears in his eyes, and said:

"Hang it, I've been a fool!" and went home and wrote this little note to her—

PHOEBE DEAR—I was wrong. We've both done wrong to let ill feeling come between us. Forgive me, dearest, and send me word that you have done so. I shall await your letter with impatience.

SILAS.

Then Silas sent the note to Mrs. Spinner's house by his landlord's little boy, telling him to be sure to give it himself to Miss Phoebe.

By this time the falling out was five days old and Phoebe was simply wretched. But in the Spinner household work went on in its regular order, whether hearts ached or not. It was time to "do up" peaches, and Phoebe was doing them—halving and stoning, weighing and sugaring, clearing the syrup, and skimming the boiling mass as if she were a machine made for the purpose of preserving, and nothing else. But all the time a sad refrain sounded in her ears—monotonous, unchangeable—"Silas and I have parted." She heard it in the bubbling of the music like a song.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1875.

NUMBER 35.

The clock ticked it. Aunt Peggy, at the sewing machine in the next room, droned it out with her regularly beating foot upon the treadle.

The wind, among the vine leaves outside the window, whispered it; and oh, her heart at every beat measured it off.

"Silas and I have parted!" But she never thought of giving in, or writing, at least in effect: "Come back to me."

She only wondered, vaguely, whether anything would ever be worth doing again, and whether she should come to be like Aunt Peggy, grimly calm, though long ago one Solon Schultz, to whom she had been betrothed, had been lost at sea.

Meanwhile, the young ambassador from Silas was clattering up the village street, with the note in his hand which was intended to make all smooth again, and Mrs. Spinner was dusting and setting in a row upon the table the jars in which the preserves were to be stored away.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine," said Mrs. Spinner. The kettle will fill nine of 'em. Phoebe, when you are ready, the jars are."

Then she went away, and no one remained in the dining-room but Aunt Peggy, sewing her long, white seam.

And at this juncture entered the boy who was Cupid's medium. He saw Miss Peggy, and through a door, bending over the kitchen stove, a figure he knew to be Phoebe's.

"Here's a letter," said he, "say, here's a letter."

Nobody heard him. The buzz of the machine was in Miss Peggy's ears, the simmering of the boiling preserves in Phoebe's; besides, she was listening eternally to that sad reiteration of her heart, "Silas and I have parted." The boy thought he was heard, however, and eager for his play, laid the white missive across the top of one of the jars and bolted. As he vanished, Phoebe came in at the kitchen door, and her mother at another. A little jar on table followed the closing of the latter; and down the little note tumbled into the great jar. It was jar number nine. Phoebe set the steaming kettle she had brought with her on a tray and began to fill the first jar.

"Needn't look into it so careful," said her mother. "When I wipe things I—"

And Phoebe did not look to the rest. One after another she filled them up, and nothing happened when she came to number nine, and she piled the red sweetmeats upon the white dove that bore the olive branch of peace.

And so Silas waited in vain for an answer, and grew angry again; and so in the days to come the two met and passed without a word, and the gossip had their talk, and, as often happens, love saddened the lives of those it had once gladdened.

Summer passed; autumn was gone; winter was nearly over; and Mrs. Templetower came to take tea with the Spinners. She sat in the parlor and crocheted, and Mrs. Spinner advised Aunt Peggy:

"Get plum cake and peach preserves, we had quinces and pound cake the last time she came. Take number nine—jar number nine, Peggy. There's only enough for once in that. I don't want to open a new jar, and have it sour and spoil."

They sat down at the table half an hour after, Mrs. Templetower's tongue going hard.

"Silas Western has got a fever," said she. He's very bad, they say—might go off any day. It's a pity; he's a young man yet; but it ain't so bad as if he was married, you know."

"It is to be hoped he'll get better soon," said Mrs. Spinner. And her mother's eye saw Phoebe flush. "Why don't you help the peaches, Phoebe?" she said sharply, calling the girl to herself. The dish is before you."

Phoebe took a little preserve plate in her hand, and dipped the spoon in the dish, or tried to. It did not go in easily. She tried again. Something flat and stiff leaped off the top of the fruit upon the cloth.

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Spinner, "why, Phoebe, there's a bit of stick, or something."

"It's a letter, mother," said Phoebe.

And she took it by the corner and read, as if it had been soaked in blood. Why, she did not know, but it made her shiver to look at it as if it had been.

She wiped it on a towel, and made out her name upon it, and a presentation of the truth dawned upon her. She tore the envelope away. Within the paper was stained and spoilt, but love's eyes are sharp. She read part of the letter, and guessed the rest. The date was intact. How it came in the preserve jar she did not know; but she understood that it had come to her on that day when she bent over the bubbling sweets, hearing her heart's bitter cry: "We are parted! we are parted!" And he had been faithful. He had asked her forgiveness, and had thought her unforgiving.

"Ah! he ought to have known that a woman never is that to a man she has once loved," she said. "And now he lies

dying, perhaps, and I am not with him. Oh, my darling! my darling!"

She stood at the open door, and looked up at the sky with tear-filled eyes. A white, new moon floated through the fading blue, and below it a star hung, like a jewel.

"I will go to him," she said. "Yes, I will go to him, let people say what they may."

Then she crept softly up stair, donned hat and shawl, and hurried away along the scattered street, and down into the lane, where stood the cottage where Silas lay.

"I must see him," she said to the woman who whispered to her that he was very ill, and who knew they had been lovers once. "The nearer death he is, the more needful we should see each other." And she said to herself, "It will give him joy to see me, and joy never kills."

Then in a moment she stood beside him, and he looked up at her with his hollow eyes, and knew her.

"Phoebe!" he said.

"I never found it until to-day," she stammered. "If I had read it, do you think—"

Heaven knows how he made the whole story of that, but he did. Words failed her, but love did not.

"I might have known," he said, and rested his weary head upon her arm.

Afterwards, when he was well and they were married, they made the careless, young Tom Truempy confess. Before that, it seemed to Phoebe like a miracle, or a deed of good fairies, and she was almost sorry to have so unromantic a solution.

"But if I had never found it, Silas!" she asked, and then the tears came into her eyes, and Silas kissed them away.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Our Deaf Acquaintance.

We were coming down White street this morning, when we overtook an old gentleman in a cart. The vehicle was springless, and as it jolted over the stones every revolution of the wheel was a hail storm.

We nodded to him, and he nodded back.

"A nice day," we suggested in a raised voice.

"A nice day," he roared.

"O, yes," he shouted. "A good corn day. How's business—pretty good?"

"Very good," we answered.

"Hey!"

"Very good," we yelled.

"Glad to hear," he said, and then relapsed into silence, and we hurried on, as people were showing altogether too much interest in our efforts to be heard.

"What do you think of that feller over in England who walks on the water?" he suddenly exploded.

We had to fall back with the pace of the cart.

"He's a wonderful chap," we said, in hopes that that would satisfy him.

"Hey!"

"He's a wonderful chap," we yelled.

"So he is. How do you s'pose he does it?"

"He wears rubber clothes and a hatchet," we suggested, at the top of our voice.

"What kind of clothes?"

People were raising their windows now, and we were beginning to feel desperate.

"Rubber," we roared.

"O, rubber, eh? And that keeps him up, eh?"

"Yes."

"Hey!"

"Yes, yes? Yes what?"

"You asked us if it was rubber that kept him up, and we said yes," we explained, in a key of voice that brought the merchants and their customers out on the walk, in spite of the rattle of the cart.

"What's that? I didn't quite make out," he shouted.

Then we went out on the roadway, and took the horse by the head and brought the whole establishment to a standstill, and then explained just what we had said.

"Ah, I see, it's a wonderful thing, a most wonderful thing," he said, and then added, "It must have been the cart going over the stuns, which kept me from a hearin' of you, but I was afraid at first that you were sick, and couldn't speak up."

We are not of a particular demonstrative turn, but when we again notice an acquaintance in a springless cart on a pavement, we shall step down the first cellar-way, and take a position behind a barrel until he is out of sight.—*Danbury News.*

The lawyers have made a good thing out of Ross Tweed's troubles, having received from the old man \$500,000 as counsel fees. But then he took twelve times that amount from the public, and should not grumble.

Thirty-four out of every hundred people in Chicago were born in foreign countries.

History of Zero.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence nothing. In expressions like "ninety deg. Fahr.," Fahr. stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called that degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or a rude weather-glass, with a scale graduated up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32—because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero; and expanded its 180th on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than "from Dan to Beersheba" expresses the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted, with its inconvenient scale; and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself to science.

Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not far from the time when old style was exchanged for new style in the writing of dates.

The countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America. Russia, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above the freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from the freezing point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 100 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made it one of his many improvements, after the public adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

Recommendations.

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent the others away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, on what ground you selected that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many:—"

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy."

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful."

"He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite."

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or thrust it aside; showing that he was careful."

"And he quietly waited for his turn, instead of pushing the others away; showing that he was modest."

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket."

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can learn about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

When a Pennsylvania farmer sold his farm to an oil company he went to town the day he got his cash, and bought his wife two hundred dozen clothes pins and twenty-five clothes lines. He said he'd had growling and jawing enough about that house.

It is mighty onerous that a lazy boy or a big snail will amount to.

Some Good Proverbs.

Borrowed cloths never fit.
Better ground than fall into the ditch.
Better go alone than in bad company.
Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.

Cut your coat according to your cloth.
Catch the hare before you sell his skin.

Charity begins at home, but does not end there.

Do not rip open old sores.
Doing nothing is doing ill.

Diligence commands success.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

Dependence is a poor trade to follow.
Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.
Do unto others as you would have them do to you.

Every couple is not a pair.
Everything is good in its season.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

False friends are worse than open enemies.

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.

Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.

Great barkers are not biters.

Great gain and little pain make a man weary.

Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.

Stout English Girls.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times writing from a Swiss inn, says: "A few days ago just at dusk, after a cold rain had set in, two English girls and their handsome, gray-haired father arrived. They were cold and damp, and the hotel was damp, and as we sat by our blazing fire and heard them go into their cold rooms we pitied them so much that we opened our door and invited them to share our warmth and comfort—so they came in, and we chattered together all the evening. Those two bright, fresh-looking girls sat calmly in their chairs and told us they had crossed from Meiringen to the Rhone Glacier over the Grimsel on foot the day before, through a foot of snow—had walked nine miles down the valley that morning, and then had climbed up all the way from Visch to the hotel on foot in the rain that afternoon. 'That's OK, we're there,' they briskly chorused; and indeed they did look most provokingly fresh and pretty."

When we appeared in the morning, fathoms or (who always comes in to breakfast from out of doors with a blast of cold air, very much as if he had slept on the nearest glacier) announced that "those English girls started to walk up to the summit of the Eggishorn two hours ago and are coming back in time to reach the Aletach Glacier, to go to the Belle Alp for the night!" Before long they came in, brisk and rosy as usual: "Oh, no! not tired at all!"—and without waiting for anything more than a lunch were off again. We groaned in spirit as we saw them disappear around a promontory."

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News of the Week

Jefferson Davis, since he entered the lecture field, has received an invitation from a "weak" Baptist church in Lancaster, Penn., to come and deliver a lecture in its behalf. The writer of the invitation says: "Although this was the name of the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, I was one of his warm friends, yet I need not fear of being well and courteously treated.

V. G. L. PAINE—of Syracuse Convention, appears to be succeeding well in his work. Last week, as the marriage notices hint, he had a pleasant day at the parsonage. The following day was spent with many scores of friends on the beautiful picnic grounds (Mexico Point) of brother Hiram. We visited, sang, prayed, and received God's love and mercy in public and private. We are glad to hear of the great interest in the social meetings and means of grace. Many kind hearts throughout the community manifest attachment to the church and its pastor by numerous tokens of fraternal worth.—*American Westsaler.*

the camp meeting closes this (Wednesday) night at midnight, with the administration of the sacrament. The tents will be struck to-morrow.

—F. H. Peck shot two large cranes on cowbridge's mill pond, a few days ago. The female was about 45 inches tall, with an alar extent of 55 inches; while the male was 50 inches high, alar extent 55 inches. He gave them to J. A. Sovernice, one of our young taxidermists, who has stuffed and mounted them, and may make fine looking specimens.

The British polar expedition expects to return in the autumn of 1876.

One copy, six months, in advance, - 75

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co, N. Y.

A pious boy—a printer's devil.

The kind of eyes for business men—advertise.

Something that will soon be leaving us—the leaves.

Bakers are a crusty lot of fellows, and fond of loafing.

Carpenters are given to vice—they do so much chiseling.

It doesn't take long for a man with a small mind to make it up.

Croquet players abound in the West since the recent heavy rains.

All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it.

The only men who don't get out of patients in warm weather—the doctors.

A marriage on a railway train may properly be termed a railroad tie.

It is estimated that there are fourteen millions of Methodists in the world.

The public schools of Chicago use \$190,000 worth of school books annually.

The hay crop of Connecticut amounts to 587,000 tons, worth \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000.

San Diego county, Cal., will this year produce 500 tons of honey—1,200,000 pounds.

An English publisher who advertised "Joquin Miller, half calf," is threatened with a libel suit.

"I have bought my first last," was the remark of a cobbler when he set up business for himself.

What! a laborer's strike in the heart of the Alps! But they got hard treatment from the military, didn't they?

"To be or not to be," as the man said when he got home and found a swarm of 'em settled on his front door-knob.

Padre Secchi, the great astronomer, believes in the possibility of ghosts permeating over the earth in streaks of lightning.

An Englishman has just bought at Bordeaux, for 1,800 francs, three bottles of Medoc wine, of the year 1793—\$120 a bottle.

A Western newspaper says that the devil has reserved several choice seats for those who write communications to newspapers with a lead pencil.

A woman sixty years old was recently convicted of murder in the Midland Circuit in England for killing her husband, aged ninety-nine.

Peter Cooper of Mississippi set aspring gun to kill a chicken thief, and was fatally shot by his own device before getting out of the hen-house.

They are trying to acclimate the Florida cedar tree in Germany, as it furnishes the only kind of wood suitable for the manufacture of lead pencils.

This is the way a newspaper correspondent talks of Saratoga: "No beauty—no belles—no eligible partners—no prizes in the matrimonial lottery—single ladies, ancient—beaux with grizzled heads or wigs, or slightly bald. Shocking times—light purses—patched shoes—no style. Colored waiters 'never seed sich times'—quarters very scarce, and as for fifty cents and dollars, never seen. Negroes all on the Ohio platform and down on contraction. Hotel tables light on chicken and cream."

Notice.

Being convinced that a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling, I have resolved to sell goods cheap for cash, and shall give no credit after this date.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I ask a continuance of their patronage, hoping they may find it for their interest to buy where they can buy cheap for cash.

All persons having an account at my store are requested to call and settle right away, or the accounts will be left for collection at the office of Skinner & Wright.

T. J. TEMPLE.
Mexico, Aug. 24, 1875. 43-2

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with dyspepsia, liver complaint and its effects, such as indigestion, costiveness, sick headache, sour stomach, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, depressed spirits, biliousness, &c., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a sample bottle for ten cents and try it. Regular size, 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

Special Notice.

Dr. Spinner, who cured Miss Ella Comstock of loss of voice in ten minutes, and who has performed a number of remarkable cures in this vicinity and Oswego, will be at the EMPIRE HOUSE, in this village, from Friday evening, August 27th, until the following Monday noon. All who are troubled with Stammering, Stuttering, Catarrh, Asthma, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Pits, &c., should not fail to call and see him.

FAIR DANCE—at Union Hotel, Colosse, Wednesday evening, Sept. 8, 1875. Good music in attendance. Tickets, \$2.00. B. WORDEN, Pro.

20th Annual Fair!

1875. OF THE
OSWEGO—OSWEGO—OSWEGO—OSWEGO—OSWEGO
Oswego County

Agricultural Society,
AT
Mexico,

TUESDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
AND
THURSDAY,

September 7th, 8th & 9th,
--1875--

--OVER--\$2,100--
In Premiums
Exclusive of Books & Diplomas

2 Brass BANDS
IN ATTENDANCE.

Mexico Brass Band on Wednesday,
Sept. 8th, 48th Reg't Band on
Thursday, Sept. 9th.

Balloon Ascension!
On the afternoon of SEPT. 9th, by Prof. H. H. COLE, of Sandy Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mr. JAMES VICK
The distinguished Florist of Rochester, N. Y., will display the largest collection of flowers ever exhibited in Northern New York. Mr. Vick is not a competitor for premiums.

Officers for 1875.
President, Col. ALBERT F. SMITH, Oswego City.
Vice-President, WM. J. MENTER, Mexico.
Treasurer, L. H. CONKLIN, Mexico.
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Supt. of Horses, No. 5, RUFUS CALKINS.
Supt. of Cattle, No. 6, DAVID M. BARTON.
Supt. of Sheep and Swine, No. 7, WILLIAM A. TILLARUGH.
Supt. of Honey, Flowers, Fruit, Bread, &c., No. 8, FRANK G. SMITH.
Supt. of Household Manufactures, Paintings and Miscellaneous Articles, No. 9, GEORGE A. PIERCE.

PROGRAMME:
1st DAY—Entry of articles and animals, and their respective places assigned them. Live stock will not be required to be upon the grounds the first day, the animals being made as above, giving age, breed and number. Exhibitors are requested to forward by mail or meet the Secretary at the Post Office, Saturday, Sept. 4th, and make their entries. They are also requested to be prompt in making their entries on the grounds, as the Secretary's books will be closed on Tuesday at precisely 5 o'clock P. M., except for speed of action, which will close sharp at 10 A. M., Thursday.

2d DAY—The grounds will open at 8 o'clock A. M. All articles and animals must be in their places before 10 A. M., at which time the judges will commence their examinations. At 1 o'clock P. M., examination in the ring of breeding-mares 1 and 2 year old colts, jacks and mules. At 1:30 single horses and three year old colts; 2:30 matched horses and 4 year olds; 2:50 stallions. At 3:00 fastest pair of trotting horses owned by one person, 1st prize, \$20; 2d, \$15.

3d DAY—At 10:30 o'clock A. M., fast trotting stallions in harness, 1st prize, \$25; 2d, \$15. At 10:30 o'clock, A. M., fast trotting horse that has never beaten 3 minutes, first prize, \$25; second, \$15. At 1:30 o'clock to the lady exhibiting the best horsemanship in driving double team, first prize \$20, second, \$5. Races to be let to the ladies. At 1:30 o'clock to the lady exhibiting the best horsemanship in driving single horse, 1st prize, \$20; 2d, \$4. Ladies driving must make their entries at the Secretary's office previous to 12 o'clock Wednesday noon. At 2:00 o'clock P. M., sweepstakes, 1st prize, \$50; 2d, \$30. Races to be intermediate heats. At 3:00 o'clock P. M., premiums desired. At 3:30 o'clock P. M., premiums desired. Premiums remaining unpaid will be found at the Secretary's residence near the Fair Grounds.

CONDITIONS: All horses competing in the above races must have been owned in the county at least 90 days prior to the fair. The races are to be mile heats in harness, best 3 in five; double team, best 2 in three. In all the races 5 entries to be made and 2 to start. Ten per cent. must accompany the entry in all the above races. Stallion race open to all horses in the State.

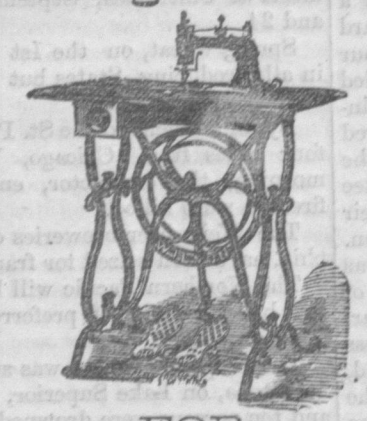
Visitors to the Fair will be carried on the Oswego & Rome, Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R., Oswego County, each way, for one-half the regular fare, from all points in Oswego County, and goods and other property destined for the Fair, will be charged the regular rate one way. Goods destined for the Fair may be consigned to L. H. Conklin, Treasurer, Mexico. A special train will leave Mexico at 6 P. M., for Oswego on the 8th and 9th.

ADMISSION:
Any person may become a member by the payment of One Dollar to the Treasurer, which will admit him and one lady and his carriage at all times during the Fair. Single tickets of admission 25 cents. The single tickets will be taken up at the gate. All exhibitors must become members of the Society. Editors, Presidents, Secretaries and Delegates of County and Town Agricultural Societies, and Judges from other counties are invited to attend, and are requested to report themselves at the Treasurer's office. For particulars see pamphlets which may be had of the Secretary at Mexico, L. H. Conklin, Treasurer, Mexico, or A. F. Smith, President, Oswego.

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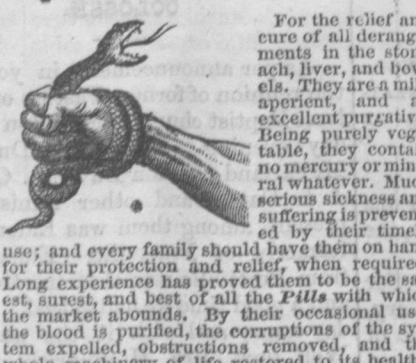
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For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral poison, and therefore do not produce any of the serious sickness and suffering incident to the use of other cathartics. By their timely use, and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, which required long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the Pills with which the market abounds. Their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. Thus the system is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to show how to use them. A Family Physician, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Langor and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore healthy tone and action.

For Liver Complaint and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fever, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For Constipation or Diarrhoea, but one mild dose is generally required.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Pains in the Side, Back and Loins, they should be judiciously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a Dinner Pill, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the digestive and assimilative system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels generally well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,
is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders the blood impure, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, in a healthy constitution, would be easily rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alternative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for the cure of scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptions and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blisters, Boils and Boils, Tumors, Tetters and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworms, Itch, Eruptions, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and value of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

AYER'S
Ague Cure,
FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF
Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fever, in all cases of the malarious poison, originating in bilious derangement, caused by the Malaria or Miasmatic Countries.

We are enabled here to offer the community a remedy which, while it cures the above complaints with certainty, is still perfectly harmless in any quantity. Such a remedy is invaluable in districts where these afflictions prevail. This "Cure" expels the miasmatic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of every body; and in bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevail, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and protection. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittent Fever, is that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinine or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Pains, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysteria, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis and Derangement of the Stomach, all which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excited, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excited, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excited, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts.

Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure, and few will ever suffer from Intermittents if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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FOR THE
DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

For Female Complaints, in young women, married or single, at the dawn of life, or on the turn of life, these Tonic Pills display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been so successful in restoring the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutrients, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. This is no enthusiastic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Throat, Sore Eyes, Eruptions, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck Glands, Scrofulous Inflammations, Rheumatism, Mercurial Affections, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most delicate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiating Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Painters, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, at their various life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Itch, Eruptions, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, of the Skin of whatever nature, are literally dug up and carried off the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Tap, and other Worms, living in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No amount of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young women, married or single, at the dawn of life, or on the turn of life, these Tonic Pills display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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